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**DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL**

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**DUBLIN AND KINGSTOWN RAILWAY.**



Sketched by A. Nicholl, Esq.

R. Clayton, Sc.

**THE TUNNEL OR ARCHWAY THROUGH LORD CLONCURRY'S GROUNDS.**

**PUBLIC WORKS IN IRELAND.**

Having in our last described the line of Railway from the entrance station in Westland-row to the Pier at Kingstown, we now take the opportunity, while presenting our readers with two other views of the road, of inserting an article which, since our last publication went to press, has appeared in *The Sun* newspaper, relative to the carrying on of Public Works in Ireland. Our readers will perceive that its general bearing is in perfect accord-

ance with the opinions we have more than once before expressed, when speaking on the subject of railways. We have already stated our reasons for giving a preference to railways over other modes of conveyance; but we fully agree in opinion with the writer of the article to which we refer, that no greater benefit could be conferred upon Ireland than the introduction of a cheap and expeditious means of conveying her agricultural produce from the heart of the country to the extremities—whether

this be by canals or railways is a matter to be decided by the locality of those districts through which the lines of road may pass.

"We do not often derive so much pleasure from the perusal of a public document as we have from a careful inspection of the plans, and consideration of the suggestions, contained in the Second Report of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland, just printed by order of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding the low ebb at which the tide of Ireland's prosperity stands at present, we predict, from the great improvements that are now being carried on, in clearing harbours, opening canals, and making roads along the eastern, southern, and northern coasts, that the day is not very long distant when Ireland will, from being a bye-word among the nations of Europe, become equal to some of its proudest states in industry, wealth, intelligence, and love of order. The worst crimes of Ireland are the results of the poverty and despair, rather than of the evil disposition of her population. Public works, besides giving employment to thousands of her labouring poor, whom want has rendered almost desperate, will be the means of inducing capitalists to establish factories where facilities are afforded for carrying on an extensive trade; and will enable agriculturists to raise produce wherever a line of good road, a cheap water carriage, or convenient shipping, supplies them with a sure market for the fruits of their industry. During the last eighteen months the sum of one hundred and twenty-nine thousand, six hundred and thirty-three pounds were expended in the improvement of Kingstown and Dunmore harbours, the making of roads on the Antrim coast, and the building of bridges, and other improvements in different parts of Ireland. The consequences of these works are already beginning to be manifested in the improved condition of the inhabitants in their vicinity, and the altered aspect of the immediately adjoining face of the country. The commissioners themselves say that, 'Wherever a new road is constructed, flourishing farms at once spring up, and the carts of the countrymen press on the heels of the road-makers as the work advances.' And in a preceding paragraph the following most important information is given:—'In traversing a country covered with farms, and in a high state of cultivation, showing every sign of a good soil and of amply remunerating produce, it becomes difficult to credit the fact that, ten or twelve years since, the whole was a barren waste, the asylum of a miserable and lawless peasantry, who were calculated to be a burden rather than a benefit to the nation; and that this improvement may entirely be attributed to the expenditure of a few thousands of pounds, in carrying a good road of communication through the district.'

"What Ireland stands most in need of at the present moment is, a cheap and expeditious means of having her agricultural produce conveyed from the heart of the country to the extremities. Now, in our judgment, the best way of effecting this would be by canals, of which she stands in the greatest need. The first of these should be a canal from Dublin to Galway, which would cut the whole island across, from east to west, uniting St. George's channel with the Atlantic ocean. This line of communication between the capital of Ireland and a great commercial town on the extreme coast, would be of immense importance to the inhabitants of both, but of still more so to the whole population of Connaught, among whom it would be the direct means of introducing manufacturing industry, and a taste for the arts, enjoyments, and elegancies of civilized life. The distance between Dublin and Galway is about one hundred and four miles, through which a direct line of canal has already been carried for forty-two miles—namely, from Dublin to Philipstown; so that in point of fact the work is already begun, and only wants the aid of government, and the assistance of the landed proprietors in King's County, Roscommon, and Galway, the value of whose estates would be trebled by it, to effect its entire completion. The next line of canal should be from Ballyshannon Harbour to Dundalk, by Enniskillen, by which the greatest facilities would be given to agriculture and manufacturing improvements in the counties of Donegal, Fermanagh, and Leitrim; and more especially to the trade of Ballyshannon and Dun-

dalk, which, though capable of being made emporiums of provincial industry and wealth, are now little better than marts for the fish caught along their coasts. However, great praise is due to Colonel Conolly, the member for Donegal, who has advanced a thousand pounds, and given security for four thousand more, for repairing the harbour of Ballyshannon, which, when finished, will be of great benefit to the people of the town, and the inhabitants along the western coast, from Sligo to Killybegs. The last line of communication which we would suggest to the government, besides the navigation of the Shannon, which is sufficiently dwelt upon in the reports of the select committee on that subject, is a canal from Waterford to Sligo, intersecting the canal from Dublin to Galway, somewhere about Philipstown. This, with such a line of communication from Dublin to Belfast, would unite all Ireland; and in a very few years would render the country as prosperous, as rich, and as contented as any in Europe. The intercourse which those canals would give rise to between the people in every part of the provinces, would extinguish that spirit of religious animosity which now divides and destroys them. Bring men only together, and they will soon remove the prejudices of each other. The people of Ireland are at present as much removed from each other at the distance of fifty miles apart, as if the whole Indian ocean rolled between them. Hence; the jealousies, and hatreds, and cherished recollections of feudal wrongs, so common in almost every district of Munster and Connaught. But let once manufacturing industry prevail in these districts—let the voice of the mechanic be heard in the villages—and we will pledge ourselves that the people of Ireland, with all their alleged love of mischief, will find other employment than that of parading nightly in a Captain Rock uniform, or recording vows of vengeance against Sassenachs and collectors of king's taxes."

#### THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

(FROM THE "CASKET OF AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN GEMS,"  
JUST PUBLISHED.)

She was my idol. Night and day to scan  
The fine expansion of her form, and mark  
The unfolding mind, like vernal rose-buds, start  
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.  
To find her fairy footsteps following me—  
Her hand upon my garments—or her lip  
Long sealed to mine—and in the watch of night  
The quiet breath of innocence to feel  
Soft on my cheek—was such a full content  
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.  
Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields  
To the slight-finger'd breeze—and as it held  
Long converse with her doll, or kindly soothed  
Her moaning kitten, or with patient care  
Conn'd o'er her alphabet—but most of all  
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer,  
Thrill'd on the ear like some ethereal tone,  
Heard in sweet dreams.

—But now I sit alone,  
Musing of her—and dew with mournful tears  
The little robes that once with woman's pride  
I wrought, as if there was a need to deck  
What God had made so beautiful. I start,  
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes  
A restless sound—and breathe accustom'd words,  
"Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest."—Then I weep,  
As though it were a sin to speak to one  
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!  
And yet I wish I had not seen the pang  
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly white  
Settling around her lips. I would that heaven  
Had taken its own like some transplanted flower,  
Blooming in all its freshness.

Gone to God!  
Be still, my heart!—what could a mother's prayer,  
In all its wildest ecstasy of hope,  
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?